UP THE ALPS' WORST PEAK

THREE NEW NAMES IN THE SMALL LIST OF ITS CONQUERORS.

Skill, Strength and Courage Required of Him Who Would Scale the Aiguille du Grepon—One Point Surmounted by Lassoing a Small Peak Higher Up.

An Austrian and two French Alpinists have just ascended the Grépon. Four nations are now represented among the conquerors of this wonderful summit. All nations of climbers are among those who have attempted Grépon and retired defeated.

It is the impregnability of the Aiguille du Grépon that has made it famous. Hundreds declared that it was impossible to climb it. The late A. F. Mummery, the king of Alpinists, the first to ascend the Matterhorn on its most difficult side and a daredevil among mountaineers, expressed the opinion that none of the slender peaks of Grépon was accessible. He was the first, however, to get to the top, and he ascended it four times, and after it all he said it was the most difficult climb in the Alps.

Still, a woman has ascended it to the top. Miss Bristow, one of the most skilful of women mountaineers, stood on the highest cliff with Mummery when he made his last ascent.

Grépon is not among the giants of the Alps, for its topmost rock is only 11,445 feet above the sea. But it is a wonderful sight to look upon, for no cliffs have a wilder grandeur, and above its general rock mass are great towers of granite that seem to defy all attempts at ascent. Parts of these peaks are smooth to the touch and offer no hold or grip of any sort. There are cracks in them a few inches wide, but the cracks are likely to have edges as smooth and true as though a stone cutter had hewn them.

The result is that the history of the successful ascents of Grépon is very short. Mummery led the way in 1881 and in his four ascents (the last in 1892) he stood on all the more prominent elevations. The Frenchman Dunod followed him in 1885. The Austrian and French climbers, who are the last to triumph over Grépon, say in *Natur und Kunst*, as their predecessors have declared: "The mountain is the most difficult in the Alps."

It is not hard to get within short range of the mountain, but for the ordinary traveller it is practically impossible to come within touch of its precipitous sides. You start from the village of Chamounix and take the usual route up the Mer de Glace to Mont Blanc. Before you reach the upper end of the great glacier you may face to the right and there is the great square block of the Aiguille du Grépon, with its precipitous sides and minaretted top. It is so near and yet so far. The best Alpinists tried more than once before they found a way to it that was practicable even for experts.

These pictures tell more graphically than words can do the kind of climbing that is required to get to the summits of Grépon. The photographs were taken by Otto Reicher, who with his two brother Alpinists and their three guides have just added another chapter to the short story of Grépon ascents. The only man who ever ascended without a Swiss guide was Mummery on his fourth ascent. The latest party succeeded in one day in reaching the top of the two highest points, the Grand Gendarme and the Tooth of Grépon, the culminating peak of the mountain mass. The Tooth is surmounted by a flat rock, projecting over the sides of the pinnacle, which makes it peculiarly difficult to reach the summit.

Nothing more dangerous can be found anywhere. It is pure rock work, clambering up walls that are almost if not quite perpendicular for scores of feet at a time, where the only possibility of ascent is through sufficient unevenness in the wall to afford a foothold or a handgrasp or where there are long cracks in the wall wide enough for the insertion of a leg or an arm.

A blunder probably meant death to one or all of the party, for they were roped together, and there were many places where each of them had so slender a hold that the fall of one was likely to drag all from the face of the cliff. No guide will trust his life on such a mountain with men who cannot show an approved record as skilful and experienced rock climbers. It takes nerve of a most unusual sort. It takes more than this, for the work requires prodigious strength.

Two of the guides carried, coiled around their shoulders, about 200 feet of rope apiece. The rope was meant for use not in the ascent but to be securely fastened if possible in the most critical places to facilitate the descent. One of the pictures shows the enormous blocks of granite that form the Grand Gendarme. Four of the climbers have reached the top and two of the guides are holding the rope that is tied around the fifth man, and they are half pulling him up the last stage of his journey. Fortunately the men have a wide surface at the top, where they may rest for a while before descending to begin the far more difficult climb up the Tooth.

This slender pinnacle would undoubtedly be impossible of ascent if it were not that a narrow crevasse cuts a sliver of the rock from the main body for a vertical distance of nearly one hundred feet, where the rock face is perfectly perpendicular, offering not a single holding place. The slender column of granite thus separated from the main rock is known as Mummery's Chimney. It was he who discovered it and utilized the crevasse to worm his way by inches up the wall. The crevasse appears, comparing this photograph with Mummery's, to be a little wider now than it was in his day, and in places the party found it expedient to get into the crack and use their elbows and legs to nudge their way along.

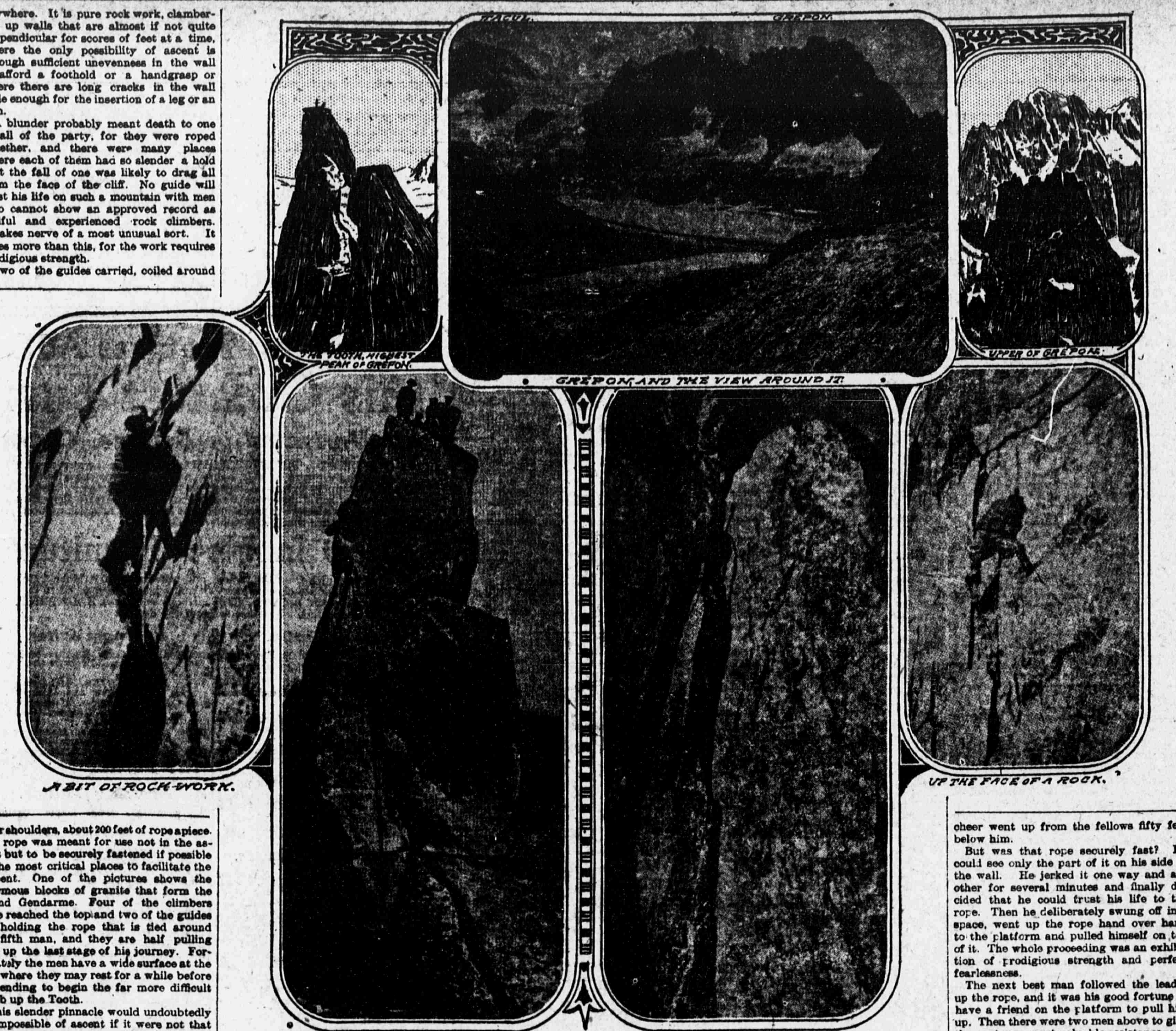
Nearing the top of the Tooth one of the guides did a remarkable thing, which is seldom attempted and for which indeed there is seldom occasion. It is barely possible to keep to the face of the rock and finally get to the edge of the surmounting platform that projects all around, clutch its edge, let your legs swing in midair and pull yourself to the top. That is, you may do it if you are a wonderful athlete. Mummery was one of these, and did it, though he first tried unsuccessfully to do what this guide succeeded in achieving.

He made an enormous loop in his rope, and then with the skill of a Mexican cowboy and the strength of a giant he lassoed the top of the mountain. He made several attempts before he succeeded, but finally accomplished the feat, and a hearty cheer went up from the fellows fifty feet below him.

But was that rope securely fast? He could see only the part of it on his side of the wall. He jerked it one way and another for several minutes and finally decided that he could trust his life to the rope. Then he deliberately swung off into space, went up the rope hand over hand to the platform and pulled himself on top of it. The whole proceeding was an exhibition of prodigious strength and perfect fearlessness.

The next best man followed the leader up the rope, and it was his good fortune to have a friend on the platform to pull him up. Then there were two men above to give the next man most valuable assistance, and the others were fairly wafted to the top.

The Austrian and two Frenchmen who made this climb were Otto Reicher, F. Genecand and F. Monnier, and they had the services of three of the best guides in Switzerland. Reicher has told with much detail the story of this fine bit of rock work in the Alps, but after all his photographs tell it more powerfully and graphically than he himself.



GRÉPON

THE TOOTH, HIGHEST PEAK OF GRÉPON.

GRÉPON AND THE VIEW AROUND IT.

UPPER OF GRÉPON.

A BIT OF ROCK-WORK.

CLIMBING GRAND GENDARME.

MUMMERY'S CHIMNEY.

UP THE FACE OF A ROCK.

WATCH ON WORKING CHILDREN

VACATION RUSH OF PAPERS AT THE BOARD OF HEALTH.

All Sorts of Problems Met Smilingly by the Woman Doctor Who Takes Care of the Applications—Missing Birth Certificates a Trouble—Hard Times a Factor.

With 600 interviews a day, 6,000 applications for working papers for children since school closed, one-fifth of which have been granted, the physicians in charge of this department in the Board of Health find themselves rushed to death. Some days there are three of them asking questions, writing answers, reading papers, just as fast as they can ask, write and read. Dr. Mary Appleton, who was formerly in the department of contagious diseases, has been transferred to the commercial department, and as she is the only one of the staff who can read a little in almost any tongue it falls to her lot to translate papers written in foreign languages.

"I really don't know much more than the names of the months, years, days, cities and the children's names," said Dr. Appleton. "We used to have an interpreter, but as we haven't now I picked up what was absolutely necessary."

The doctor then called out the name of Raphael Tobani, who appeared before the desk.

"Where are your papers, son? Get them out quick now, because this is a busy day and there are ever so many waiting," said Dr. Appleton.

Raphael unrolled a number of precious papers which told the story of his life from birth to fourteenth year and gave the record of his school attendance, all of which were satisfactory.

"Where is your mother, Raphael? Oh, here she is. Madam, do you swear that this is your son and that this is his birth certificate, and that no one will use his working papers but himself?" said Dr. Appleton in Italian.

Raphael's mother rather smiled a little at the doctor's Italian and said, "Sure."

"That affidavit sometimes causes me some amusement. Not however from the foreign parents, but from the second generation Americans. I have had them answer with a smile: 'So I have been led to believe from the doctor and the nurse.' I must say that the temptation to reply in this way is rather strong.

"Next boy, Louis Rausch."

"I ain't quite fourteen, but I'm goin' on it. Kin I git a paper just fer vacation?"

"No, my son, we don't give out papers just for vacation if you are not 14 years old. We used to, but the law has been passed which won't let us do it any more. Now you are nearly 14 and you can wait."

"But ve vant him off de streets," said the father of Louis.

"Sorry, Mr. Rausch, but that's the law. Next, Frieda Schlemmer. I can't even give a paper to a boy who wants to work for his father during vacation. I am investigating a case now of a small Italian boy," said Dr. Appleton, "whose parents have a fruit stand. He is only 10 years old, works every night until 12 o'clock and even on Sundays has to get up at 4 to put the things out for the day. It's a sensible law in a way, even though there might be times when it wouldn't hurt a bit to stretch it, as in this case where the father wants the boy off the streets. But in cities of the first class it is too difficult a proposition to get the children back to school in the fall."

The great difficulty confronting this department of the Board of Health is the birth certificate. When the children are born abroad it is customary to make them send to their respective countries and get the certificate. But sometimes this is a hopeless task, as in the case of the Russian born children. The records in so many instances have been lost or destroyed and there is absolutely nothing to go on but the parents' word. When this happens the parents are required to take out an affidavit, which is put on file for ninety days. At the end of that time if nothing else has been obtained the child gets his papers. When the parents have had the children insured those papers are taken as the correct statement of age. The archives of the Board of Health have a most interesting collection of Bibles in which are records of youthful workers' ages. Those are in Polish, Russian, Italian, Greek, Armenian.

"It is a very strange thing how difficult it is to get parents or children to do just exactly what they are told in order to conform with the child labor law," went on Dr. Appleton.

"I have talked myself hoarse in trying to get the people we come in contact with to pay attention to what they are told and to do it to the letter of the law. I have failed in that, and I have been to Dr. Swallow of the Board of Education to get him to explain this child labor law to the teachers so that they can make it clear to the parents. There are any number of people sitting in this room now waiting to see me to whom I will have to explain the same thing over again that I took the greatest pains to have them understand the last time they were here.

"Madam, have you your daughter's birth certificate? No? Where was she born? In Philadelphia. Well, that isn't far away. Send there for that paper. You don't like the delay? Has your daughter already a place to work? She has? Well, do you want her employer to be arrested? That is just what will happen if she works there without her employment papers. You want me to give them to her anyway? Well I can't, I must see her birth certificate. No, I don't dispute your word because I know you would not tell me a falsehood, but I must obey the law. Next."

But this mother did not intend to be put aside, so she attacked the good natured officer in charge of the scales that determine the height and weight of the applicants for papers.

"Who is that woman?" she asked.

"That woman, madam," replied the officer, "is the doctor in charge of the granting of employment certificates. What's the matter about yours?"

"Isn't there some one else I can see who will give my girl her papers?"

"No one else, madam. Come, I'll take you up to the doctor and you can tell her all about it."

When Dr. Appleton looked up from her work there stood the woman from Philadelphia.

"Well, you did very quick business with Philadelphia. Where's the birthday paper? Haven't you it? Officer, show this woman the way out, because she knows just what she must do in order to put her girl to work." And the woman from Philadelphia went.

"I am so glad that the law gives me the chance to use my own discretion as to the physical ability of the child to work. This girl coming to the desk now. Look at her eyes. Now I am going to get out of granting her her working papers until she gets her eyes straightened. Birth papers, please. Haven't any? Only your transport? Won't do. You'll have to get the certificate from Russia. Yes, it will take five weeks, but in that time you can go to the dispensary and have your eyes treated, because I shouldn't have given you papers until those eyes of yours had had attention. Send for your papers, then go to the clinic.

"Well, hello, Philip! You are back again. What's this change in names? On your birth certificate you are Philip Lazarus and your school papers make you Louis. Oh, your teacher changed it, did she? That's the case with a large number of these papers. The teachers seem to think that they have a perfect right to alter the children's names whenever they please. We had a girl named Steinbeigle and the teacher changed it to Sternberger. The consequence was that that girl had to wait for three weeks before we could find out just what her right name was and whether the birth paper or the school paper was wrong. Another girl's name was Frieda, and the teacher for some reason did not like that name, so she changed it to Flora. Another delay as a result."

"Say, doctor, does my boy have to have papers to work in a lawyer's office? The doctor died without registering his birth with the Board of Health, and so what shall I do?"

"Get his baptism certificate," replied Dr. Appleton.

A brother and sister appeared before the desk with a well worn, threadbare birth certificate on which the ink had almost faded.

Dr. Appleton looked over the paper and said: "You have altered the date on this paper and you will have to get a new one. I am not allowed to accept one in this condition."

Joseph was the proper age to work, in fact had been for a year, but when he was asked to write a sentence his penmanship was so poor that he had been told to go to school until he had learned to write. At the end of three months he came back to Dr. Appleton to try again, and still the scribble was unreadable. Again he attacked penmanship in school and appeared before the doctor. "Well, Joseph, now let's see how you write." Poor Joseph tucked his tongue into his jaw, grasped the pen with a deadly grip and began. The result was at last legible, but showed that Joseph could not make a tremendous success in a clerical position. He got his papers, however.

"The most astonishing thing to me," said the doctor, "is the wonderful ability shown by the Russian Jewish children who have only been in this country a short time and yet are away up in their classes at 14.

It is the rule to put on file all of the important papers until a child is 16, then he may get them back by either writing or going after them. One very sad feature of this rule is that the newly acquired diplomas tied with dainty ribbon have to be folded with the rest of the documents because they take up too much room rolled.

"I think it is really too bad," said Dr. Appleton, "because the children are very proud of their diplomas and don't want them soiled."

"My child, I will have to take that precious roll from you and fold it up with the rest of the papers," said she to a tall girl who stepped up to the desk with her diploma so daintily tied with pink ribbon.

"I want to frame it," said the girl, and her lip trembled.

"I know you do, but I'll have to take it and keep it until you are 16 years old, and then you can get it, but it will be creased."

The girl hesitated a minute and then said: "Can I get papers when I am 16 without your having to take my diploma?"

"Yes indeed, without any trouble at all," said the doctor.

"Well, I will wait until then before I go to work."

"That child evidently does not need the money. She probably has friends who have gone to work and she has caught the contagion. I am very glad that the diploma was so precious to her."

"Do you always have this rush after school closes?" the doctor was asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed. It will last until about the first of August and then begin again when the vacation schools are over. The children are allowed to count the schooling during the summer as days gained toward the 130 they must have had during their fourteenth year. Special classes are formed for that purpose.

"This last winter has been a record breaker in the number of working papers granted. In many cases the parents lost their means of support and the children helped out."

GOLFING AND AUTO JUNIORS

NOW HOME FROM SCHOOL AND HUSTLING THINGS.

Motor Car Races Over Secluded Country Roads—Boys Who Make Fine Strokes on the Links—What the Nephew Did to the Veteran Who Asked Him to Play.

Now is the season when the golf courses and the automobiles are largely dominated by the boys home from school, a condition that has an enlivening effect on many country neighborhoods. As a chauffeur the American boy is a wonder. He takes to the mechanical side of the trade as readily as the Swiss turn to watch making, and as a driver he is safe and sure. One may realize this here in town, for hundreds of men trust their kids to bring them to business from the suburbs every morning and then the amateur chauffeurs swing up Fifth avenue or through Central Park with the big touring cars.

Sitting back carelessly, with hand on wheel, bareheaded and clad in flannels, with usually a boy chum alongside, the kid chauffeurs are as much at ease as a jockey on horseback. It may be that one of them may be occasionally hauled up for fast running, but the boys are seldom mixed up in accidents. The quickness of youth seems to be the special sense that warns them of danger and intuitively how to avoid it, coupled with their mastery of the machine and the absence of nerves.

They rush in where the adult amateur would fear to steer, but what appears to be recklessness it will be learned is really the triumph of precocious wisdom. The adult amateur places a calm reasoning faculty above intuition or impulse, and he who owns to nerves as well as a sound respect for life and limb is badly handicapped with the juniors. He has no more chance with them as a chauffeur than a milk wagon with an airship.

To see the junior chauffeurs at their best, or worst, one should seek the secluded roads well adapted for speeding contiguous to any summer resort or cottage colony, where there are as many machines as families, or more cars than families, for some have a stock of them. Once the men are off to town and the women engaged in mapping out, or prinking up, for the day, the boys gather by arrangement on their chosen racecourse. Usually the racing is a matter of matches, car against car, with much shrewd handicapping. The boys shout and argue over the handicapping as old time boys did over baseball, but once these are arranged they are ready to bet on their choice, but more often in treats than in real money. The course must be a long one, and sometimes the fixture will be a general engagement between all the cars of the neighborhood. Very exciting this, for the paid chauffeurs are left at the garage and the boys take all sorts of chances. This exposure may open the eyes of fathers and big brothers to the cause of divers scratches and dents in their cars, injuries that the chauffeurs always disclaim all knowledge of, for they won't tell tales on the boys.

After the racing the cars go to the beach if the boys seek bathing; to the country club for lawn tennis, if there are not too many of those nuisances, girls, about the courts, or to the golf club. At the larger golf clubs the boys have separate locker rooms, and they do not have any of the house privileges except to order luncheons and "soft drinks" served to them. They do not have the run of the house, but may only use certain parts of it. Their seniors have found it wise to bar the volatile youngsters from the cosey "nineteenth hole," for not only have little pitchers often a genius for listening but they also see too much. A golfer, for instance, will not enjoy his third successive highball if a kid is sitting at the next table and keeping tabs on him with bulging eyes. The example, too, may do the kid no good.

Some of the boys play very good golf, and in the East they are encouraged to join in the handicaps and tournaments, but in the West junior players are only permitted in open competitions by special consent of the committee. However, there is an annual Pater-Filius competition at Midlothian that surpasses anything of the sort in the East both from the sentimental and sporting viewpoint. Seniors and sons take part in it and in years to come the latter will have their own sons as partners, while the seniors will look on from the grandfather's chair.

"That nephew of mine is home from St. Swithin's," recalls a grayhaired golfer one day, to recount a familiar experience. "I'll bring him to the club to-morrow for a golfing treat and to teach him some points that may improve his hopes of the interscholastic championship."

A telephone call arranged the matter and after breakfast the next morning the Solon of the links, for the veteran was wise in the rules as well as a strong player, stopped his car at the home of his sister.

"Hello, Nunky," called out his nephew from the house. "Just wait until I get another cup of coffee, please!"

"Hasn't the boy had breakfast yet?" the veteran asked his sister, who had stepped to the car to greet him.

"Why, certainly," she replied. "He is having a second breakfast now, for his appetite has been frightful since coming home from school."

Presently the kid bounced out, which it developed was his normal way of progress, and he skipped to the car as lightly as an antelope. He had red cheeks and had put on weight and size since his uncle had seen him last. Tommy recounted stories of his prowess at golf on the ride to the links and described in detail the value of his set of golf clubs. He was ready to play in the suit he stood in, and the veteran found Tommy practising drives when he came to the first tee after changing to golf clothes.

"Five clubs are enough for any one, Nunky," commented Tommy. "It is easier to play a few clubs well than to foozle with a dozen."

The veteran, who had a very complete set of iron and wooden clubs, besides an aluminum spoon and putter, scowled at this free comment, and one of the caddies snickered.

"Well, what shall we play for?" followed up Tommy. "I suggest the caddie money, luncheons and a box of golf balls. Do you want odds, Nunky? How about it?"

"You are my guest, my lad," replied the veteran with a jovial if somewhat forced air. "Consequently our only bet will be of golf balls. And as for odds, why, I shall not ask for any."

"The young cub!" thought the veteran. "I'll beat him or die in a bunker."

Now to be testy is not the spirit in which to begin a match. Tommy was as imperturbable as a Judge delivering a charge to the jury and pulled off some of the most surprising strokes without stirring an eyelash.

"You certainly are putting in good luck," said the veteran, on Tommy's third holing out from the edge of the green. "It is not surprising you are one up."

"Keep your eye on the line and you will put just as well in time," rejoined Tommy placidly. "Besides, I have you smothered on the long game."

It was only too true. The boy's drives and second shots were as rockets to the veteran's short pokes, and if he had been straight in direction instead of being all over the place Tommy would have been six or seven up for the morning round. As it was to the discomfiture of the veteran the boy stood one up when they stopped for luncheon.

"Hope you have a good chef," was Tommy's expressed wish as they sat at a table. "I'm feeling pretty peckish."

To make good his words the boy followed up soup and fish with two helpings of rare roast beef with vegetables. Meanwhile he had two bottles of ginger ale, and to close with Tommy ordered some hot mince pie and a large cup of coffee. When not eating Tommy made various frank and caustic criticisms to the veteran on his style, assuring him that by attention he might still play a very good game.

"You are not too old, Nunky," he concluded. "Charles Hutchings was past 60 when he won the British championship, and you may do nicely if you try hard."

"Zounds!" The veteran ground his teeth. His own luncheon had consisted of a sandwich and a glass of milk. He nursed his dyspepsia, and as a regluar thing liked to smoke in repose for an hour after eating.

"Well, that's a good thing over with," suggested Tommy with a laugh when the last morsel of pie had vanished. "Now for the links again as quickly as we can."

The veteran gnashed his teeth again, yet he hastened to comply with Tommy's request. The sly thought had come to him that to golf immediately after such a hearty meal would certainly not improve his nephew's game.

"Hurrah!" cried Tommy, sending a screamer from the first tee. "Now it's up to you, Nunky."

Alas! The veteran was more discommoded by the loss of his after luncheon rest than was Tommy by his Gargantuan repast. The boy played much better than in the morning and the veteran was the easiest of victims.

"Guess I can't stay for the bye-holes," remarked Tommy. "You see, I have been hurrying up, and that's why I am 9 up, with 8 to play. I've an engagement on for a swim and then a clambake with some of the boys before dinner. Will you join us, Nunky?"

The veteran compromised by sending Tommy off in his car.

"I'll be back to play you again soon!" shouted the boy as the machine started.

"I'll be dashed if you will!" commented the veteran under his breath. Then after after a quiet smoke he made a match for the next day with old Fusty, who golfed with intelligence and calmness and whom the veteran can beat.

There is nothing very fanciful about this narrative, for crabbed age and madcap youth get along no better as partners in golf than other matters. The best that may happen is mutual toleration. At tournaments the desire to gain a certain sixteen and then to go through it with success predominates over any personal opinions, so that the boys fit in nicely and their presence increases the interest.

It is the golden youth who dominate the golf links now and race motor cars. Yet golf is an attraction to schoolboys, too, who are not so well off. These boys put in their vacations as caddies, especially at the summer resort courses, and many of them save enough money to pay for their school expenses and winter clothing.

Settling in Advance.

From Outing.

There is a custom which embodies the wisdom of Solomon observed by the Pueblo Indians. Once a year an Indian garbed in the skin of a mountain lion, which represents his God, whips such of the children of the community as are between the ages of four and ten both for the wrong they have done and the wrong they are going to do.

STRAWBERRIES $6 A QUART

WOMAN SOLD AT THAT PRICE ALL SHE COULD RAISE.

A Few Pointers on the Method of Forcing Fruit for the Winter Trade—A Demand for Potted Plants With the Ripe Berries On Them for the Dinner Guests to Pick.

"Six dollars a quart for strawberries seems a high price, but it is what I got for all that I raised last winter," declared a woman who lives winter and summer on a small farm in New Jersey. "Of course the berries were sold in New York and to very well to do people. They were too tender for shipment, and only persons with plenty of money could afford to have such luxuries.

"There are two methods of forcing strawberries, in pots and in benches. I have tried both, and while it is easier and cheaper to handle the plants by the bench method the fruit is never as good either in appearance or flavor. Potted plants require much more care than bench plants, but they are easier to handle, easier to keep free from the pest of the red spider, and give the grower two methods of selling his products. She can sell the whole plant with its berries upon it or sell only the berries. During the holidays I often sell my entire crop in the pots. Many lavish entertainers in New York have a fancy for putting a potted strawberry plant bearing several ripe berries before each dinner guest. For such plants I never get less than $2, and often more. The berries if picked would fetch from $7 to $8 a quart.

"More plants can be handled on benches than in pots, and it is the cheaper method. In both methods runners from strong maiden plants in the field are necessary for success. By strong maiden plants I mean that they have been grown in congenial soil and have received the best care. Most growers consider a mellow, gravelly loam best for strawberries, but any garden soil, moderately fertile, not excessively heavy or very light, would do. The mother plants should be set out in the ordinary field culture and as early as the ground can be worked in the spring. They should be kept growing vigorously. If the season is dry they should have an abundant supply of water, provided the soil is well drained.

"When the runners appear several three inch pots should be sunk in the earth about the plant, allowing about six pots to a strong plant. Lay the first runners in these pots, placing a small stone or stick on those that have not thrown out roots to hold it in place. It is best to distribute the runners equally on both sides of the mother plant and watch them carefully to prevent the rains from washing them up and exposing the tender young roots.

"By the last of July or the first of August these runners should be ready to shift to larger pots or benches in which they are to be forced. As the runners will be of different ages they cannot all be lifted at the same time. After the runners are removed the mother plant may be left to bear as in ordinary field culture, but it is never used for a mother plant again. Plants to bear the best forcing crowns should be set out each year.

"If the young plants are to be used in the bench method they are set out at once in the benches where they are to fruit; if on the other hand they are to be forced in pots they must be put at once into five or six inch pots. It does not pay to shift them up to the large size pots by degrees, as each shift means a check in their growth. Such soil as an experienced gardener would use for almost any kind of potted plants is the kind I use for my strawberries and with satisfactory results.

"After potting I put the plants in cold frames, in a sunny and well drained site and convenient to water. These frames may be made very cheaply of rough inch or two inch stuff. I cover the ground on which my frames are to stand at least one foot deep in coal cinders. Then the frames are sunk into this material several inches and the earth banked around the outside. The pots are plunged into the cinders and placed as close together as possible.

"These cinders furnish drainage, keep the pots from drying out too rapidly and prevent angleworms from getting into them. They should be watered often and copiously. All runners should be kept carefully pinched off.

"Where the object is to have plants or berries ready for Christmas orders I do not allow any check in their growth. After the plants are brought into the greenhouse, which should be about nine weeks before it is desired to have ripe fruit, the conditions of springtime should be simulated as far as possible. In the first week I maintain a temperature of about 40, and each week thereafter raise the temperature about five degrees. All dead and diseased leaves should be kept stripped off and the plants should be watered freely. Fluctuating temperature must be avoided. Plants may be allowed to fruit in the same house or may be moved to a fruiting house. The great advantage of having two houses is that in case of insects or disease they can be removed to a clean house.

"My preference is for the Marshall berry, but I make it a point to have several plants of other varieties in the same house. This is desirable chiefly because of the pollen, and I have also found that cross pollinations secure better fruit.

"A fair yield from potted berries is a quart from six to eight plants. Bench plants will yield more to the square foot occupied, though the fruit is not as perfect. The berries are commonly marketed in one-third quart split cups, and I make it a point to wrap each berry in tissue paper. It makes a more attractive package and keeps all dust from the fruit. In large cities like New York the fruit must be sold through a middleman, and while often he received $8 a quart for my berries I had only $6. Had I sold out to the wholesale dealer there would have been a still greater reduction in my earnings.

"Where strawberries are to be sold for Easter the plants should be allowed to rest before the forcing begins. From then on the management is the same as that employed when getting them ready for the Christmas trade. I try to cater as much as possible to the Christmas trade because there is less apt to be a competition with the Florida fruit. When that fruit begins to come in of course prices fall."

TOMJOHNSON MONEY.

The Visitor From Cleveland Tries a Three Cent Fare Token.

The man from Cleveland walked into a Broadway cigar store and called for a mild five center. When the clerk handed out a box for him to take his pick the Cleveland man selected one, laid down two metallic disks of the size and shape of a nickel but with a large hole through the centre and started to walk out.

"Just a minute, friend," said the clerk, eying the pieces. "What kind of junk do you call this?"

"Can't you read?" asked the Cleveland man. "If your eyesight is good you will notice that it says on each one of them 'Municipal Traction Company. Three cent ticket.' I'm giving you two of them for a five cent cigar, and you surely ought to be satisfied with that. Each one of those tomjohnsons is good for a street car ride in Cleveland and the two are good for the best five cent cigar in Cleveland."

"This ain't Cleveland," said the clerk, "and I'll have to trouble you for a real five cent New York nickel if you intend to smoke that cigar."

"This is a mighty queer town," said the Cleveland man in concluding. "I wasn't so much surprised when the conductor of one of these Broadway cars turned them down and said that his line didn't have any traffic arrangements with the Cleveland street car system, but I sure thought you would be glad to get them, for a Cleveland man is liable to come in this store any minute who'll be glad to take them off your hands. I brought a whole pocketful of them along with me because I wanted to have a little handy change when I got to town, and we don't use anything else out there."